We tooke this Mattocke and this spade from him,
As he was comming from this Church-yard side.
Chief, Watch. A great suspition, stay the Frier too, too.
Enter the Prince.
Prin. What misaduenture is so early vp,
That calls our person from our morning rest?
Enter Capels.
Ca What should it be that they so shrike abroad?
Wife. O the people in the streete crie *Romeo*,
Some *Iuliet*, and some *Paris*, and all runne
With open outcry to ward our Monument.
Pr. What feare is this which startles in your eares?
Watch. Soueraigne, here lies the Countie *Paris* slaine,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Iuliet* dead before,
VVarme and new kild.
Ppin. Search, seeke & know how this foule murder comes.
Wat. Here is a Frier, and Slaughterd *Romeos* man,
VVith Instruments vpon them fit to open
These dead mens Tombes.
Enter Capulet and his Wife:
Ca. O heauen! O wife looke how our daughter bleedes!
This dagger hath mistane, for loe his house
Is empty on the backe of *Mountague*,
And is misheath'd in my daughters bosome.
Wi. O me, this sight of death, is as a Bell
That warnes my old age to a sepulcher.
Enter Mountague.
Pri. Come *Mountague*, for thou art early vp
To see thy sonne and heire, now early downe.
Moun. Alas my liege, my wife is dead to night,
Griefe of my sonnes exile hath stopt her breath.
VVhat further woe conspires against my age?
Prin. Looke and thou shalt see.
Moun. O thou vntaught, what manners is in this,
To presse before thy father to a graue?
Pri. Seale vp the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can cleare these ambiguities,

And know their spring, their head their true descent,
And then will I be generall of your woes,
And lead you euen to death, meane time forbeare,
And let mischance be slaue to patience,
Bring forth the parties of suspition.
Fri. I am the greatest able to doe least,
Yet most suspected as the time and place
Doth make against me of this direfull murther:
And heare I stand both to impeach and purge
My selfe condemned, and my selfe excusde.
Prin. Then say at once what thou dost know in this?
Frier. I will bee briefe for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo there dead, was husband to that *Iuliet*,
And she there dead, thats *Romeos* faithfull wife:
I married them, and their stolne marriage day
Was *Tibalts* doomesday, whose vntimely death
Banisht the new-made Bridegroome from this Citie,
For whom, and not for *Tibalt*, *Iuliet* pin'd.
You, to remoue that siege of griefe from her
Betroth'd and would haue married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes she to me,
And with wild lookes bid me deuise some meanes
To rid her from this second marriage:
Or in my Cell there would she kill her selfe.
Then gaue I her (so tuterd by my art)
A sleeping potion, which so tooke effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The forme of death, meane time I writ to *Romeo*
That he should hither come as this dire night
To help to take her from her borrowed graue,
Being the time the potions force should cease.
But he which bore my letter, Frier *Iohn*,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight
Returned my letter back, then all alone
At the prefixed hower of her waking,